PARLIAMENTARY EYEGLASSES.

Lord Beaconsfield a Conjurer with the Article—By Its Means He Contrived Theatrical Effects.

Few accessories of personal attire have played a more interesting part in parliamentary life than the simple eyeglass. The silk hat, as we know, is indispensable; a member of the house of commons often moves and has his being entirely by virtue of his headgear; but the dexterous use of the parliamentary eyeglass has often produced thrilling impressions, says the Pall Mall Gazette.

The greatest conjurer in the use of this little article the historic legislative chamber ever contained was the late Lord Beaconsfield. It has often been said of him that he was a splendid actor. He certainly contrived by a sort of dumb show with his eyeglass to create striking theatrical effects, and the manner in which he would manage, when it suited him, to lose the thing in the folds of his clothing so that he could pause in his speech while he fumbled for the missing article—a momentary respite which gave him time to think—was a frequent subject of mirth in the smoking-rooms.

One incident of the kind will never be forgotten by those who witnessed it. Mr. Disraeli, then prime minister, was speaking with great solemnity on a question of foreign policy. He had been several times noisily interrupted by a somewhat boisterous Scotch representative, who threw out ironical cheers without any relevant application. At the third or fourth attempt the great minister stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence. There was dead silence in the crowded house as members watched the statesman slowly feel for his eyeglass, mechanically adjust it to his eye, and then, turning to the direction of the interruption, gave the Highland gentleman one expressive look. Having satisfied himself of the identity of the offender, an expression came over the prime minister's face which seemed to say: "Oh, it's you, is it? Poor fellow, you don't know better!" The eyeglass dropped with a clink against the watch chain, and the speaker resumed his remarks at the very point of the broken sentence. That honorable member had good reason to remember the episode throughout his parliamentary career. His colleagues never allowed him to forget it.

When Disraeli could find his eyeglass in a hurry and fix it promptly, it was a sure sign that he was annoyed. In the course of a heated debate the prime minister was once repelling an attack made upon him by Mr. Gladstone. The veteran liberal leader made some audible comment upon what Disraeli was saying, which in the excitement of the moment Henry Chaplin took upon himself to answer across the floor of the house. Mr. Chaplin had not understood the point of Mr. Gladstone's criticism, and his interruption gave the old parliamentary hand an opportunity of putting an explanation which the prime minister did not want. When it came to his turn to resume his speech, he firmly placed his eyeglass, and, turning almost viciously upon Mr. Chaplin (who, of course, sat on the ministerial side), and looking hard at him, exclaimed: "Sir, I am not obliged to my right honorable friend for this interruption."

HIS FIRST EARNINGS.

Mark Twain Tells How He Became Possessor of Five Dollars in Early Youth.

While traveling recently Mark Twain was asked by a friend and fellow passenger if he remembered the first money he had ever earned.

"Yes," answered Mr. Clemens, puffing meditatively on his cigar, "I have a distinct recollection of it. When I was a youngster I attended school in a place where the use of the birch rod was not an unusual event. It was against the rules to mark the desks in any manner, the penalty being a fine of five dollars or public chastisement.

"Happening to violate the rule on one occasion, I was offered the alternative. I told my father, and, as he seemed to think it would be too bad for me to be publicly punished, he gave me the five dollars. At that period of my existence five dollars was a large sum, while a whipping was of little consequence, and so"—

—here Mr. Clemens reflectively knocked the ashes from his cigar—

"well," he finally added, "that was how I earned my first five dollars."

Mathematics of Love.

"Margaret," he began, "I have $3,750 in the bank. I own half interest in a patent churn company, that clears $1,700 a year. My salary is $20 a week, with prospects of a raise to $22 next April. I have an aunt who will leave me 27 shares of a railway stock now quoted at 53. Tell me, Margaret, will you be mine?"

"Wait," she replied, "till I get a pencil."

For she never had been good at mental arithmetic.—Newark News.

Feminine View of It.

Mrs. Wederly—So you have never met the woman you thought you could marry?

Singleton—Never.

"Well, I don't wonder at that. As a rule women are hard to please."—Chicago Daily News.

Something Wrong.

Physician—Madam, I find your husband has pneumonia in its worst form.

Mrs. Newrich—I can't understand that. We are certainly rich enough to afford the very best there is.

Bret Harte's Estate.

A cable dispatch says: The late Bret Harte left an estate of only $1,800. Considerable surprise is manifested, as it was thought that he had been extremely successful during his career. Well, he was successful. There are other measurements of success than money. People whose ideas of success in life are narrowed down to that one standard are to be pitied. They have not passed far enough beyond the mere animal state to become full human beings. The best that there is in life is beyond their vision. A man's success in life does not lie in his accumulation of things that are stripped from him when he passes out of it. He may have millions to leave as a monument to tell that he has existed, but if he has cultivated no high virtues and developed no noble qualities of mind and heart to be recorded thereon, it can be a monument only to his lost opportunities and his shame. To those who estimate life as cents and dollars go Bret Harte has left a poor estate. But to all who appreciate the jewel treasures of his genius and his splashes of sunshine upon the gold and silver threads of human warp and woof he has left an estate that is rich indeed. It is an estate that all who will may enjoy and to which all posterity is heir. He has left us smiles and song, warmer sympathies and more genial tolerance of one another's faults. He has left us a truer laugh for the joys of life and tinctured our tears for its woes with sweeter resignation. He has left us, preserved forever, the keen observations of a penetrating mind and the tense, tender emotions of a true heart. This is the estate Bret Harte has left to all humankind, and it is a priceless estate that can come only from a preeminently successful life. Compared with it a legacy of millions of dollars is paltry.—*St. Louis World.*

A Courageous Congregationalist.

During the next few weeks the name of a certain courageous and facetious Congregationalist minister, the Rev. Dr. W. A. Bartlett of Chicago, is likely to appear with great frequency in the newspapers of this and other countries.

The Rev. Dr. Bartlett is a bold man. He addressed his congregation Sunday in satirical advocacy of a church trust, saying among other things that it would be a good plan for the "Standard Oil Baptists" to buy out all the other Protestant sects and thus establish a giant religious combine. Discussing the rumor that a Standard Oil Co. director had in mind the endowment of a national university with $100,000,000, the minister asked:

"Why not use the money instead to purchase all the colleges of the various denominations and combine them, at the same time combining the churches themselves? A preacher in one of these churches would have some prestige then, for he would be able to present a card like this: 'The National Christian Church of the Standard Oil Co., presented by the Rev. John Smith, in charge of the church No. 3,182.'"

Of course Dr. Bartlett was not serious. But what he had to say will set some very good people to thinking about the tendency of certain latter day contributors to religion to make for themselves a better place in public estimation through the much-heralded "moral" uses of the "mammon of unrighteousness."—*St. Louis World.*

Marconi is perfecting his wireless telegraphy system. He is undoubtedly one of the most notable men in the field of scientific invention. And he seems to be a sympathetic sort of man. He never brags, nor belittles competitors. He is going ahead in his chosen field of effort, regardless of the utterances of carping critics and jealous rivals. Considering the compartively short period during which he has been experimenting, his success is nothing less than phenomenal. He may, as some assert, have made use of an idea which first originated in the brain of one of his countrymen, but the world will be glad to honor him for having been the first to put the idea to practical use. He has various rivals, but none of them has so far succeeded in inventing a different and still more useful system of etherography. Marconi has achieved the thing which, some years ago, was considered impossible and impracticable. Ten years hence, his wireless telegraph may have rendered obsolete all other methods of telegraphic communication, and laid the foundation for further, and now undreamed of, achievements of the human intellect. There is, it seems, absolutely no limit to the possibilities or potentialities of present-day science, no barrier that could really be regarded as impassable to the human mind.—*The Valley Magazine.*

Schemers may talk about an asset currency, and theorists may prate about dispensing with silver as a money metal, but the unvarnished truth is, that there is more United States silver money in existence to-day than there was ten years ago, and ten years hence there will be more than there is to-day. Any increase in the volume of business will demand a corresponding increase of money, the basis of all business. In the present monetary panic—for that is what the condition is—the only solution will be found in the quantitive theory of the circulating medium.—*Hastings (Mich.) Journal.*

It is a foolish man that throws himself in the way of temptation for the purpose of ascertaining if he is able to resist it.

MARRIAGE CERTIFICATES.

The REGISTER has for sale Marriage Certificate Books—50 to the book—with stubs. The law requires the person solemnizing marriage to issue a certificate and to keep a record of the same. These Books answer all the purpose. 60c per Book.